



No. 8

\$2.00

(\$2.50 Canada)

# XENOZOIC TALES





# WELCOME TO THE XENOZOIC!

*Welcome to a world gone mad. Where dinosaurs roam with humans and Cadillacs race woolly mammoths. Welcome to all of Earth's ages rolled into one! Meet Jack Tenrec—Cadillac Jack—part mechanic, part shaman. Meet Hannah Dundee, scientist, diplomat, explorer. Together, willingly or unwillingly, they seek the secrets of the Xenozoic. What they find is inside...*

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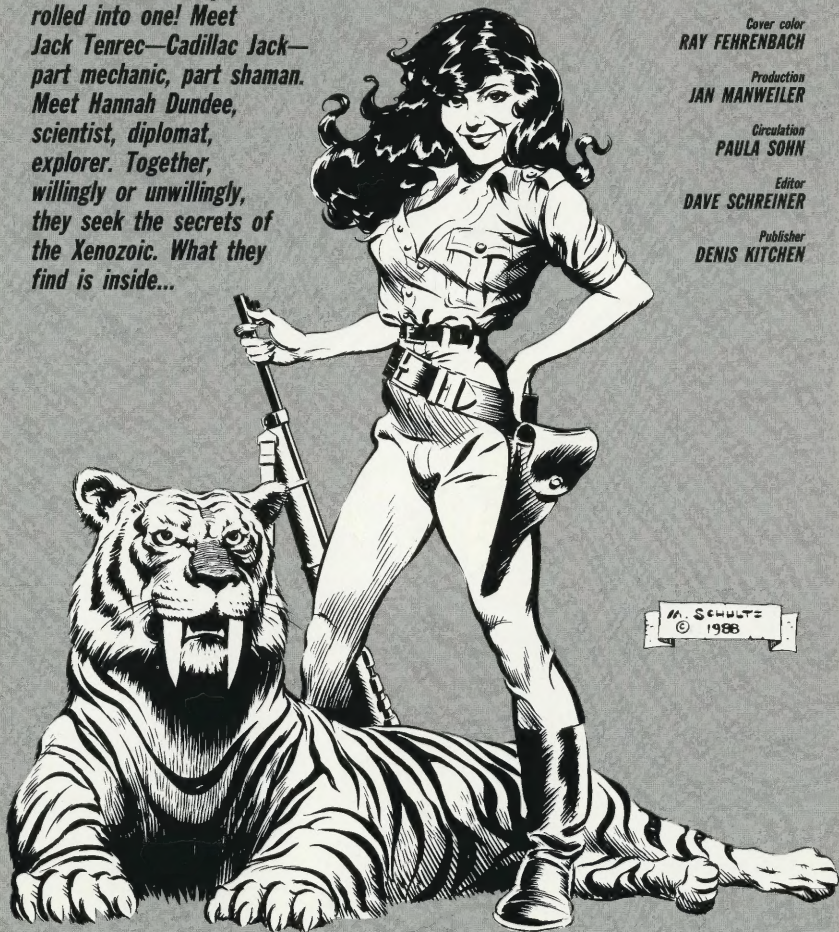
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M. SCHULTZ  
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# IN THE DREAMTIME

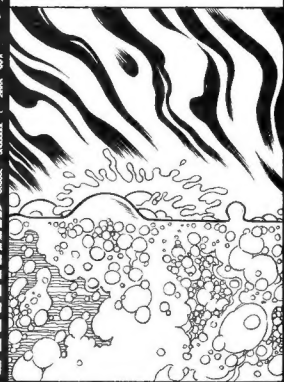
Deep, deep down...at the dark, soft bottom of a lake somewhere in the interior... *something* stirs in the muck...



Responding to some distant and imperceptible pull, tiny bubbles work free of the depths and begin to *rise*...

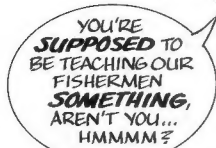


Slowly, *slowly* they rise and expand until they break the surface and *rupture*, combining their poisonous contents into a deadly, rolling cloud...



...SO, IF THE  
...UH... CARBON  
ACCELERATOR  
DEFIBRILLATES, I  
WANT TO... AH... FIRST  
CHECK THE **TORQUE** ON  
THE... UH... **GERSCHLÄNG  
SPROCKET**...

MARK SCHULTS  
© 1989







AM I SUPPOSED TO BE SURPRISED?

IF YOU PEOPLE HAD ANY IDEA WHAT BULGAR IS PLAYIN' AROUND WITH...

SHUT UP AND ***LISTEN***, YA BIG LUG.

WE BOTH KNOW THAT THE COUNCIL HAS NEVER COME DOWN TOO HARD ON ITS LOOSE CANNON...



...BUT ***THIS*** TIME MAYBE YOU'D BETTER ***LAY LOW*** FOR A WHILE...

...CERTAIN POWERFUL... ER... ***ELEMENTS*** HAVE BECOME EXTREMELY HOSTILE TOWARD YOUR ***ATTITUDES...***

BULGAR?

NO... HE'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH ***THIS***. I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING MORE NOW... ***TRUST ME!***



YOU KNOW THE RISKS I RUN TO KEEP YOU INFORMED. IF THE COUNCIL EVER FOUND OUT...

I ***KNOW...*** HOW CAN I ***EVER*** REPAY YOU?

HA HA! MAYBE COOL YOUR ***DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS*** WITH THE WASSOON...



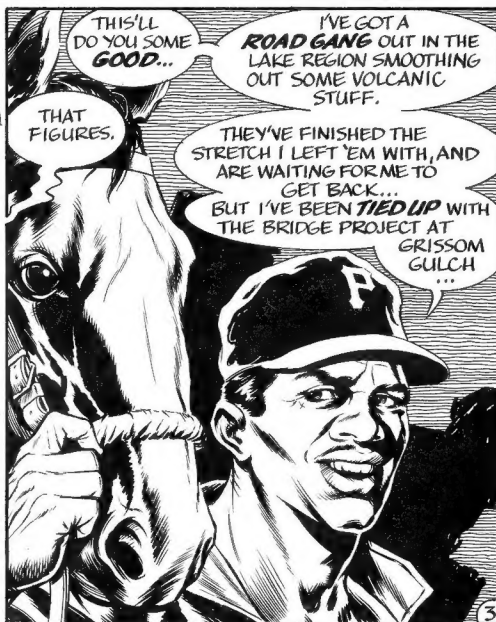
AHEM...



***MUSTAPHA CAIRO!*** WHAT GIVES? DOESN'T ANYONE KNOCK ANYMORE?

HEY, THE DOOR WAS OPEN.

I'VE GOT A FAVOR TO ASK, JACK...

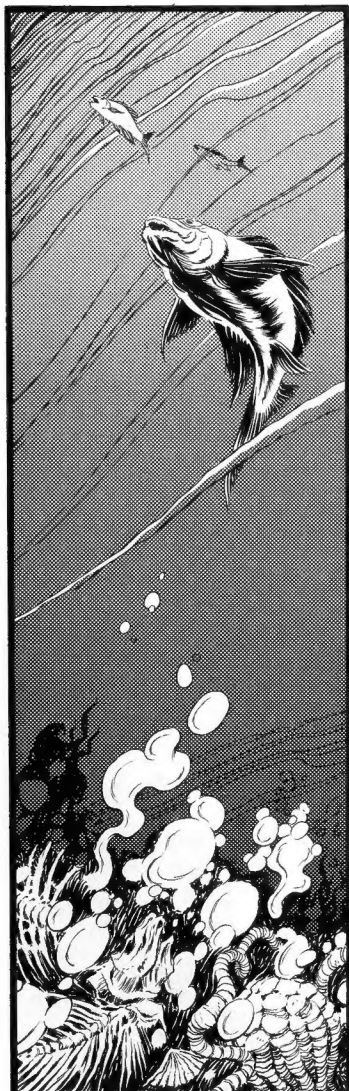


THIS'LL DO YOU SOME ***GOOD...***

THAT FIGURES.

I'VE GOT A ***ROAD GANG*** OUT IN THE LAKE REGION SMOOTHING OUT SOME VOLCANIC STUFF.

THEY'VE FINISHED THE STRETCH I LEFT 'EM WITH, AND ARE WAITING FOR ME TO GET BACK... BUT I'VE BEEN ***TIED UP*** WITH THE BRIDGE PROJECT AT GRISSOM GULCH...



Deep, deep down...at the dark soft bottom of a lake somewhere in the interior...*something*... stirs in the muck...



I'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU'D GET THESE DIRECTIVES TO THE CREW **TODAY...** BEFORE THEY GET RESTLESS.

AND TELL THEM I'LL BE ALONG IN A DAY OR TWO...

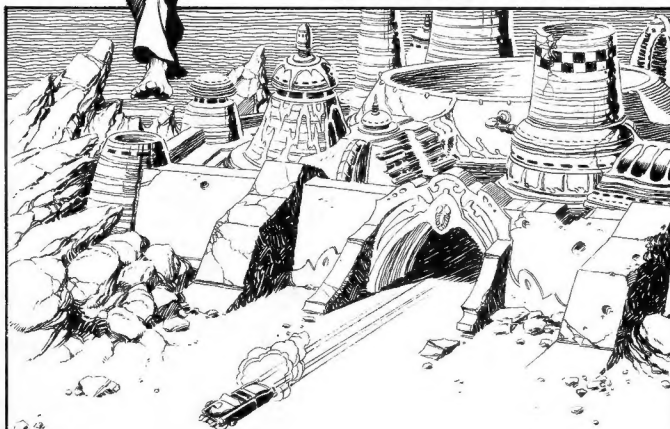
WELL, IT SEEMS LIKE **NO ONE** CAN STAND TO SEE ME TAKING IT EASY. DAHLGREN THINKS I CAN USE A LITTLE FRESH AIR, TOO...



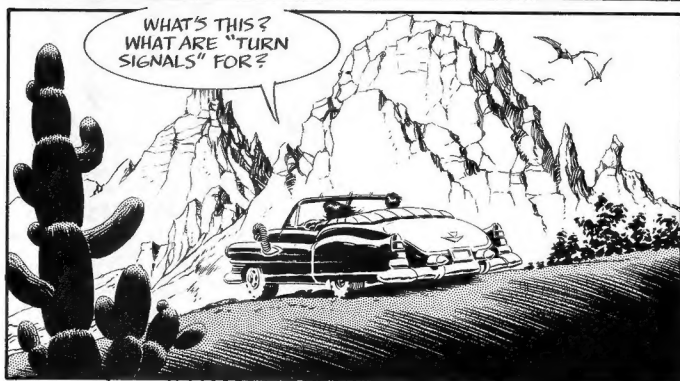
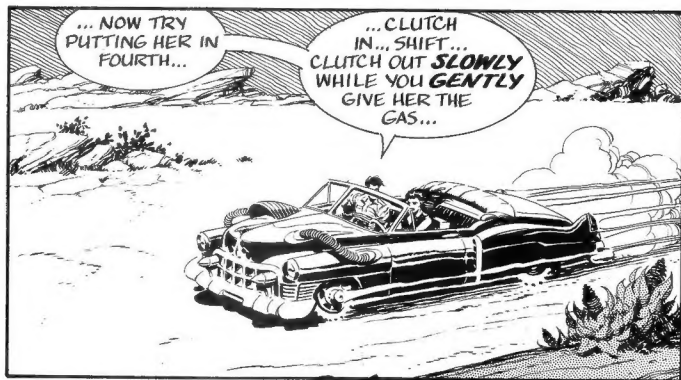
OK... YOU GOT YOURSELF A RUNNER, MUSTAPHA.

HANNAH! GET OVER HERE! YOU READY FOR YOUR FIRST LESSON BEHIND THE WHEEL?!

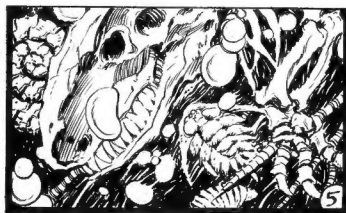
THANKS, MUSTAPHA. THAT WAS EASIER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.

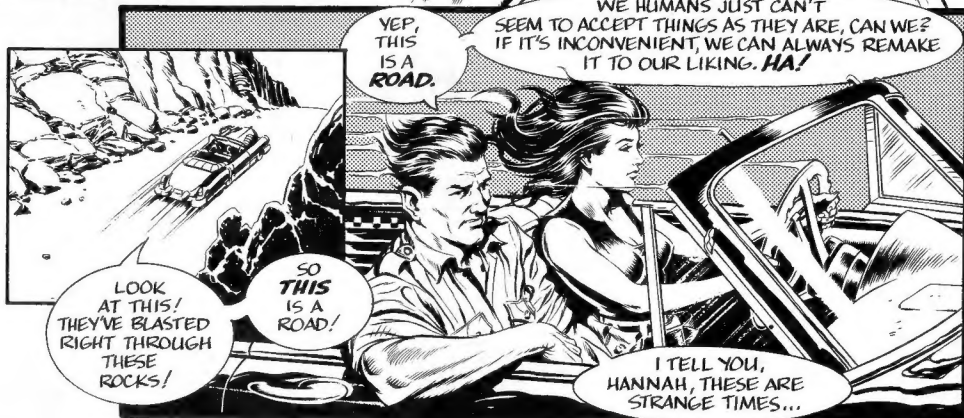






*Something stirs and begins to work free...*













NEVER  
SAW ANYTHING  
LIKE THIS.



IT'S GETTING DARK...  
THERE'S NOTHING WE  
CAN DO NOW.

LET'S SET  
UP CAMP.  
BUT NOT  
HERE.



"Let's head back  
to Orenda."

Orenda...

WHAT CAN  
YOU TELL ME ABOUT  
THESE LAKES?

WELL...THEY'RE  
VOLCANIC CRATERS  
THAT TAP GROUND  
WATER. THEY VARY  
IN DEPTH...

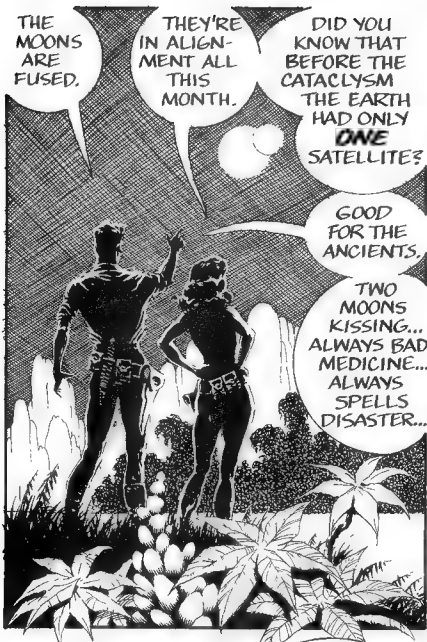
HOLD ON  
A MINUTE...



... I WANT TO POINT THIS  
BUGGY IN THE RIGHT  
DIRECTION.



YOU NEVER  
KNOW...WE  
MIGHT HAVE TO  
LEAVE IN A  
HURRY.





SOME WOODSMAN YOU ARE!  
YOU CAMPED US RIGHT ALONGSIDE  
A HORNBILL PATH.

SO THEY'LL  
KEEP US FROM  
OVERSLEEPING...

TAKE  
THE FIRST  
WATCH,  
WILL YOU?  
I'VE GOT A  
LOUSY  
HEADACHE...

SURE,  
SURE...  
GET SOME  
SLEEP.  
TOMORROW'S  
GONNA BE  
**BRUTAL.**

NOT  
FEELIN'  
SO GOOD  
MYSELF...

ZZZZZZ...

*I'm dreaming. I know that I'm dreaming. That usually means the grith have something to tell me.*

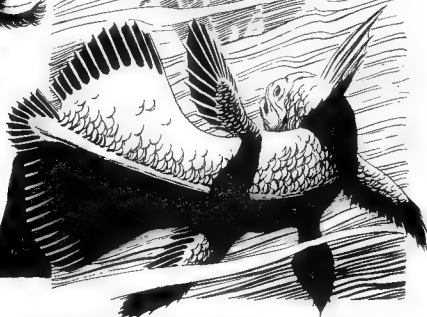


*But I can't sense them anywhere.*



*I'm under water, but I can breathe. I'm a...fish.*

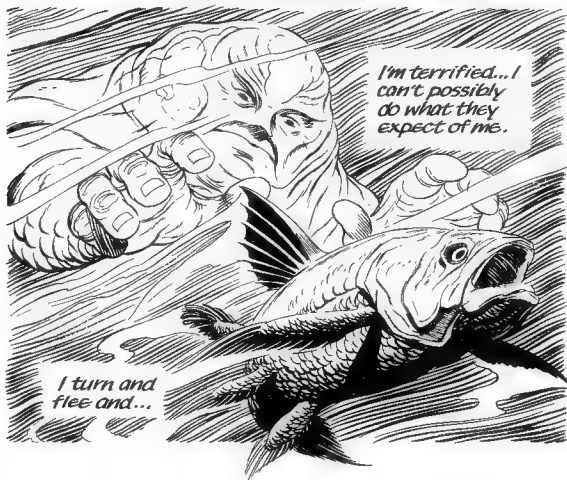
*In the distance I see watery figures approaching...*



*Suddenly, they loom over me. They're gigantic, soft, formless. They've come for me.*



*They are the ancestors of all men, of all grith, of all fish, and they want me.*



*I'm terrified... I can't possibly do what they expect of me.*

*I turn and flee and...*



*I'm caught in a net. I struggle to no avail...*



*I walk along a seashore with Jack, hand in hand. Something wonderful is about to happen...*

*I'm dreaming. I know I'm dreaming.*



*Jack leads me into the surf... into the waves. I knew this was coming.*

*We float under the waves. I look at Jack, and...*



*THERE IS MUCH YOU NEED TO KNOW, HANNAH DUNDEE, AND LITTLE TIME.*



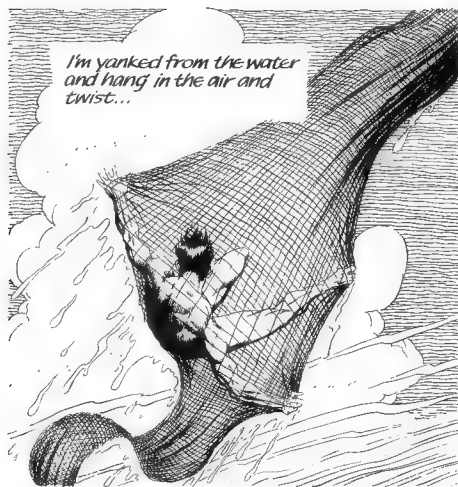
*LIE DOWN... HERE.*

*SOON YOU WILL BE GOING ON A GREAT JOURNEY... DOWN, DOWN, DOWN... AND WE WILL PREPARE YOU FOR THAT.*

*I do as he says. I'm ready.*

*BUT NOW YOU MUST PAY ATTENTION AND UNDERSTAND THE IMMEDIATE DANGER...*

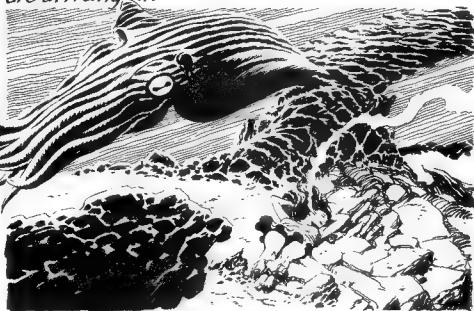






*The seabed  
is moving.*

*I understand that I'm being carried on a tectonic  
plate...the ocean floor is spreading...continents  
are drifting...*



*I watch in  
helpless  
terror as  
I'm hauled  
remorselessly  
to the walls  
of the conti-  
nental shelf.*

*I see the  
preceding  
floor  
engulfed  
and crushed  
beneath  
the titanic  
weight of  
the shelf.*



*Then it happens...  
I'm ground under  
the continent...*



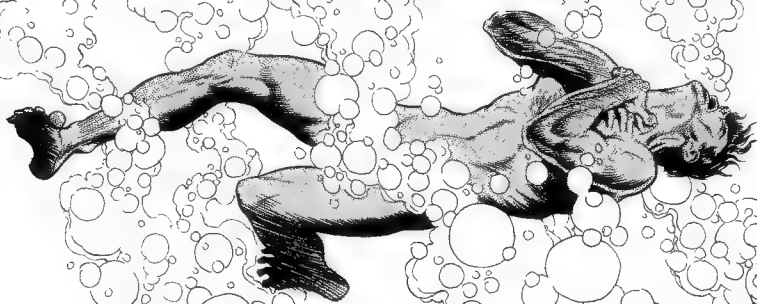
*...and  
mingled  
with  
its  
flowing  
strata.*



The  
water  
is  
boiling  
...



...On the bottom, noxious  
plants cook a hellish  
brew.



My head  
pounds,  
I'm  
choking  
and I'm  
being  
boiled  
alive...

I begin to rise.  
Something pulls me up...



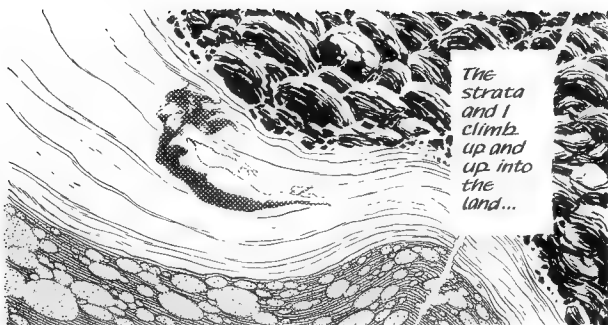
Something **powerful**...more power-  
ful than **all** the ancestors.



Then I explode out of the water  
and spread over the surface...  
My head hurts so much...







The strata  
and I  
climb  
up and  
up into  
the land...



...until we meet  
and fuse with a  
rising river of  
magma.



We hit ground water and I'm  
released with a stream of  
**poisons** into the boiling  
liquid.

The poisons and I leach upward...into  
the bottom of a freshwater...lake.

I know where I am.



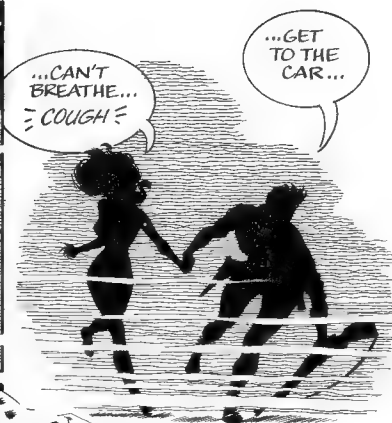
The  
poisons  
and I  
rise  
towards  
the surface...

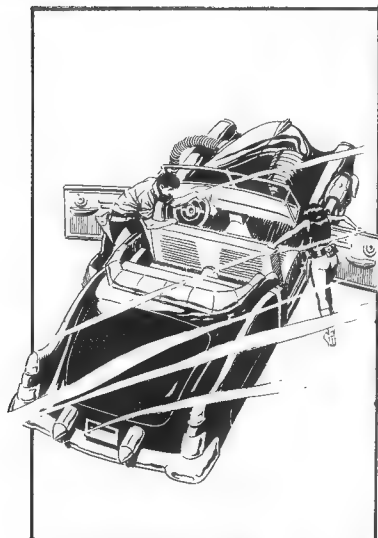


My  
head  
pounds  
...  
The  
water  
boils  
...



We burst and spill over the surface  
... I feel the moons tearing at my  
brain...







"We found them on our way  
out to meet the road gang..."



"They were in bad shape...  
retching and heaving...  
fighting for every breath..."



"After a few hours they recovered enough  
to recount what had happened."

"We listened in horror as they told of the  
fate of the road crew and we marvelled  
at the luck that had delivered them  
from a similar end."



"Jack just smiled that  
smug smile of his."

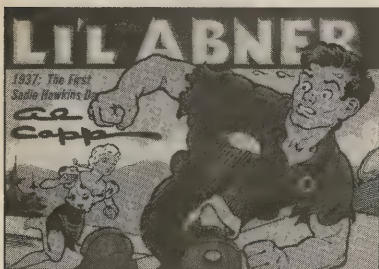
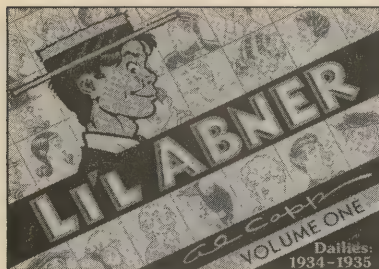
"Hannah offered a theory that the combined gravita-  
tional pull of the aligned moons disturbed a layer  
of poisonous gases which had accumulated at the  
bottoms of those volcanic lakes..."

"He's a strange  
one. He may regret  
the deaths of the  
road gang and  
all, but I'm sure  
he was relieved  
that the earth had  
reacted against  
a perceived  
intrusion."



"I think  
he felt  
reassured."

THE END



## 4 Volumes & counting!

That's right! Four volumes of Al Capp's *Li'l Abner* have already been published, and a new book is issued every three months! Are you keeping pace?

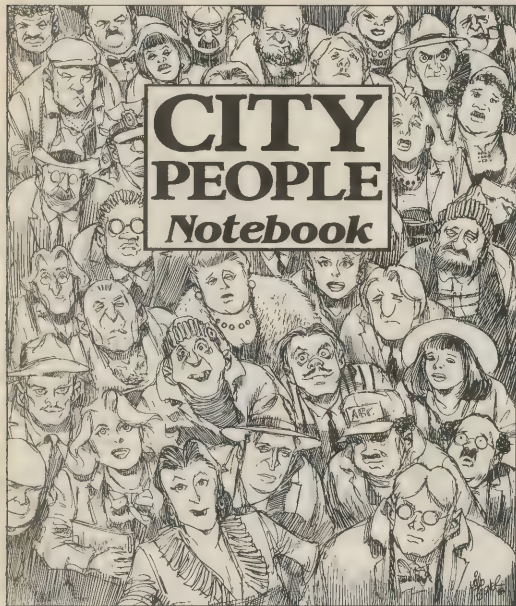
If you're not, you're missing at least one year's worth of great *Li'l Abner* strips each volume, along with interesting historical and introductory text, art, and photos! You're missing Abner, Daisy, Mammy, Pappy, Marryin' Sam, Lonesome Polecat, Sadie Hawkins, and the thousands of other great, funny characters Al Capp created over 43 years. You're missing satire at its finest, art at its most delectable—and you are missing a million laughs!

*Li'l Abner* is issued in both hard- and softcover editions, and you should be able to find them in good comics shops everywhere. If you can't find them, we are offering one- and two-year subscriptions at significant savings off cover price. Subscriptions include postage and shipping in sturdy cardboard containers especially designed for *Li'l Abner*.

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# Will Eisner's latest work, *City People Notebook*, looks at urban life & living



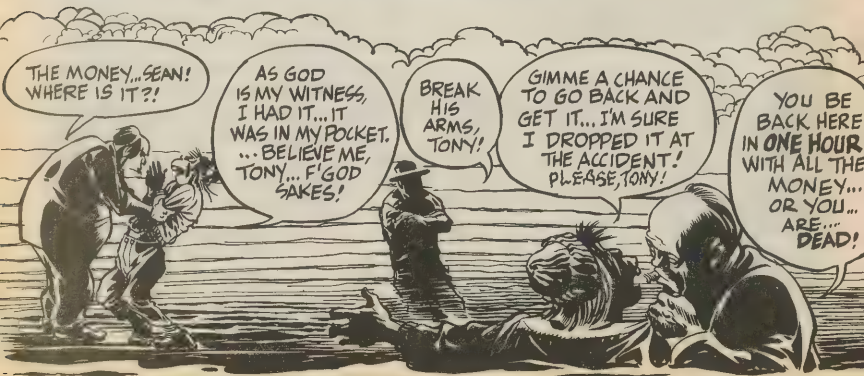
Will Eisner's *City People Notebook* acts as an 88-page sequel to his popular *New York* collection of 1985. The book examines three facets of city life: time, space and smell.

No one is a better observer of the urban scene than Eisner, creator of *The Spirit*, *A Contract With God* and *A Life Force*. He brings to *City People Notebook* a wealth of accuracy and sensitivity in describing what happens on a city street.

In the foreword to the book, Eisner says: "I think life deep in a big city affects the basic sensibilities and influences the character of one's conduct in a way that affirms environment's triumph over all of us...Most, if not all, of what is included in this work comes from this perspective."

*City People Notebook* is available in signed hardcover at \$25, and in softcover at \$8.95. Both are available at good comics shops everywhere, or from:

**Kitchen Sink Press**





# FOUL WEATHER

ANGRY WAVES LASHED THE LONELY TOWER, LONG ABANDONED TO THE CONTINUALLY RISING SEA. THE GROWING POWER OF THOSE WAVES, COUPLED WITH DARK, HEAVY CLOUDS PILING UP IN THE SOUTHERN SKY, HERALDED THE COMING OF A STORM OF UNUSUAL FEROCITY...

FROM HER PERCH WITHIN THE TOWER, MIKLA VAN ERMINE APPREHENSIVELY SCANNED THE CHOPPY STRAIT BETWEEN HER AND THE DISTANT CITY.

THEN SHE SAW HIM, A MOTORIZED SPECK SLAPPING ACROSS THE WHITECAPS. **VICE TERHUNE** WAS COMING TO MEET HER AT THIS CRUMBLING EDIFICE, THIS RENDEZVOUS FOR PIRATES, BLACK MARKETEERS... AND **THIEVES**.



steve  
skiles



VICE, BABY! DID YOU  
PULL IT OFF?  
WHERE ARE  
THE OTHERS?

DEAD.

WE MADE IT INTO  
THE CITY'S TREASURE  
VAULTS NO PROBLEM,  
BUT AFTER THE HEIST  
KLEGG TRIPPED AN  
ALARM, THE \*O\*!!  
GUARDS GOT HIM  
AN' SLY. I BARELY  
MADE IT TO THE  
BOAT!



SO WHAT'S  
THE LOOT?

I DUNNO.

YOU  
DON'T  
KNOW?!

IT'S IN A STRONGBOX.  
I BEEN TOO BUSY  
SAVIN' MY SKIN TO  
LOOK INSIDE.

BUT IT'S GOTTA  
BE WORTH  
PLENTY OR THE  
ANCIENTS WOULDN'T  
HAVE KEPT IT  
SO CAREFULLY  
HIDDEN.



WELL, LET'S  
OPEN IT!

UH, UH... NO  
TIME, BABE.  
JACK \*R!\*!!  
CADILLAC'S  
GOTTA BE  
ON MY  
TAIL BY  
NOW!



AND EVERY SECOND I  
WASTE HERE IS  
BRINGIN' HIM CLOSER...

I GOTTA TAKE THE  
LOOT AND MAKE  
MYSELF SCARCE!



BUT, VICE! THERE'S A  
BAD STORM BREWING!  
YOU CAN'T RISK THE  
SEA NOW!

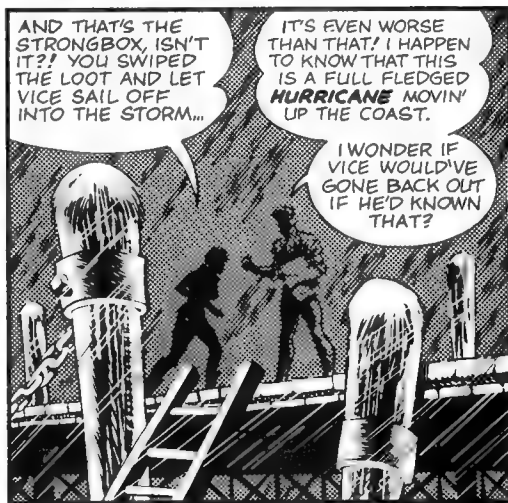
WE COULD  
HOLD AN ARMY  
OFF HERE!



AN ARMY, MAYBE. BUT NOT  
\*!!\* @\*!! TENREC. HE'S  
ALREADY WIPED OUT  
HALF MY FAMILY. BESIDES  
NOW HE KNOWS WHO  
STOLE HIS SPEEDBOAT!

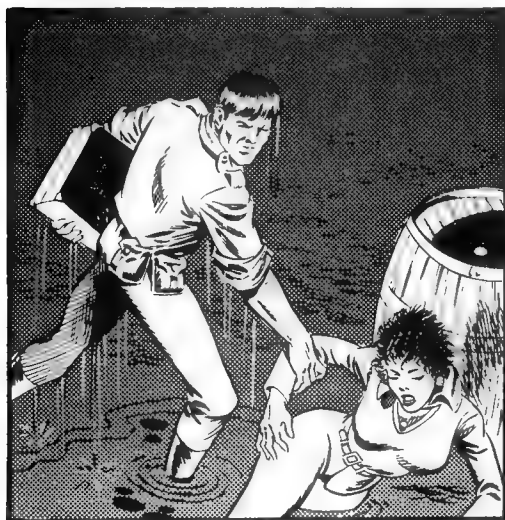
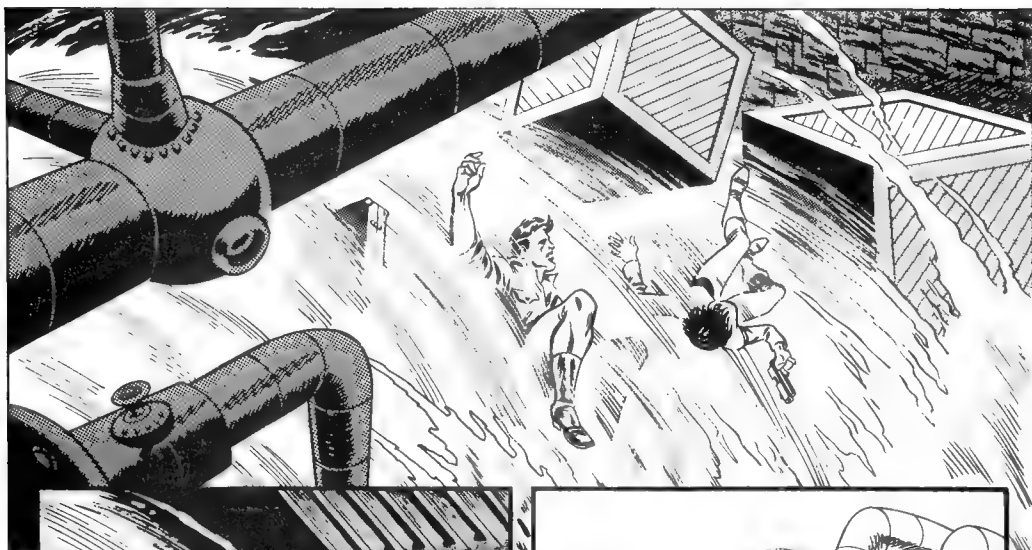
I'LL RISK  
THE **STORM!**

THEN AT  
LEAST HIDE  
THE LOOT  
HERE!

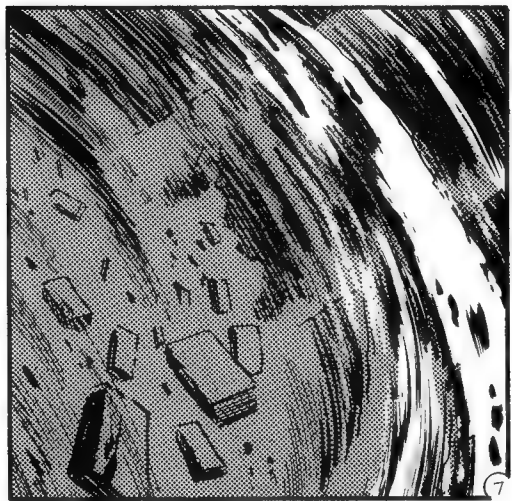


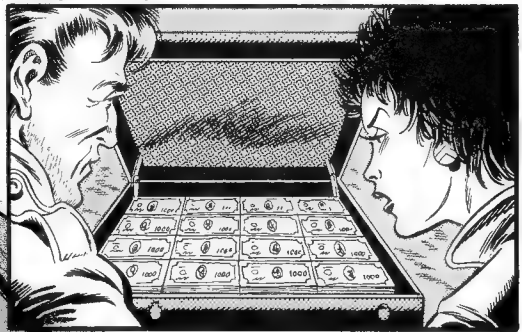














**NO MUTANTS, NO SUPERHUMANS. THE HEROES ARE:**

**DOUG POTTER'S**



# *Derizens*™

**O F D E E P C I T Y**

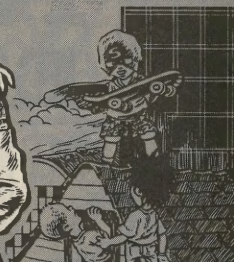
**MYSTERY!**



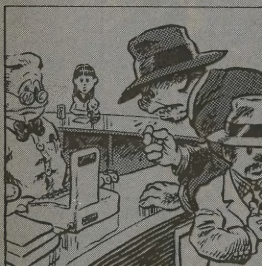
*"Doug Potter has an exciting, sophisticated sense of storytelling technique, and his rendering is beautiful!"*

—Mark Schultz,  
XENOZOIC TALES

**HIGH ADVENTURE!**



**DESPERATE MEN!**



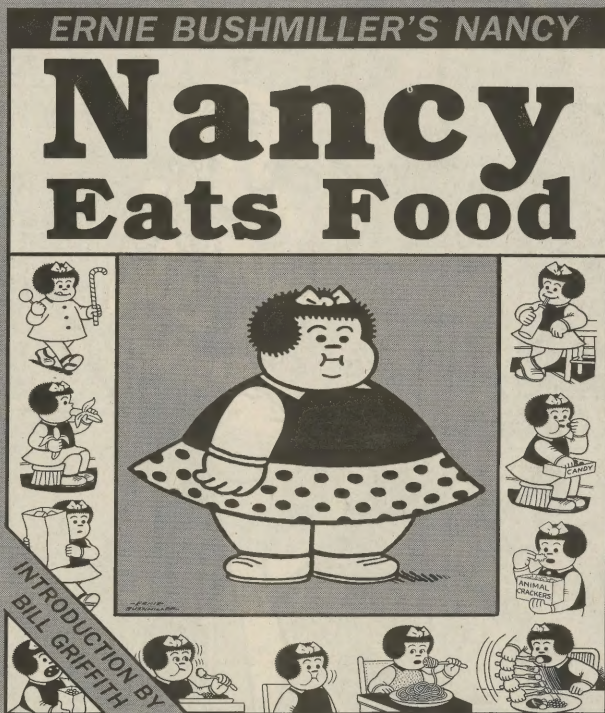
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# ERNIE BUSHMILLER



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this May, from Kitchen Sink Press





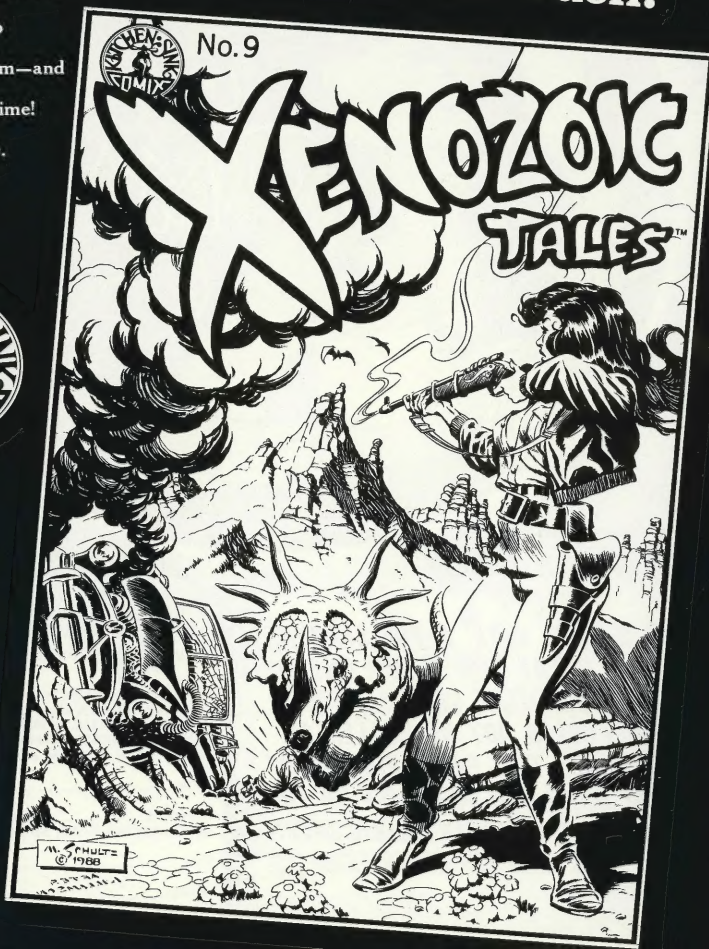
# Next Issue:

In the next issue—No. 9—of Mark Schultz's *Xenozoic Tales* Jack is sent to the outback by the governing council. While there, he's the victim of sabotage...and is stalked by a dinosaur!

Jack's really up against it—can Hannah find him—and save him? Find out next time!

*Xenozoic Tales.*  
Don't miss it!

Stranded in  
the bush!



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